He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.
Ri. A vertuous and Chriſtian-like concluſi on,
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Glo. So doe I euer being well aduiſed,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Maddam his Maieſty doth call for you:
And for your noble grace, and you my Lord.
Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you goe with vs?
Ri. Maddam, we will attend your grace. *Exeunt Manet Glo.*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and firſt began to braule,
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the greuious charge of others:
Clarence, whom I indeed haue layd in darkneſſe:
I doe beweepe too many ſimple gulls:
Namely, to *Haſtings, Darby, Buckingham*,
And ſay it was the Queene, and her allies.
That ſtires the King againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall wiſh me
To be reuenged on *Riuers, Vaughan, Gray*,
But then ſigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids vs to doe good for euill:
And thus I cloathe my naked villany
With old odde ends, ſtolen out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the diuell.
But ſoft, here comes my executioners, *Enter executioners.*
How now my hardy ſtout reſolued mates,
Are yea not going to diſpatch this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done, repaire to Crosby place,
But ſirs, be ſuddaine in the execution:
Withall, obdurate; doe not heare him pleade,
For *Clarence* is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pity if you marke him.
Exe. Tuſh, feare not my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured:
We come to vſe our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo.

Glo. Your eies drop milſtones
I like you Lads, about your b
Enter Clare
Bro. Why lookes your G
Cla. O I haue paſt a miſe
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſt
That as I am a Chriſtian faith
I would not ſpend another
Though t'were to by a worl
So full of diſmall terrour wa
Bro. What was your dream
Cla. Me thought I was im
And in my company my bro
Who from my Cabbin tempt
Vpon the hatches, there he l
And cited vp a thouſand feare
During the warres of *Yorke* a
That had befallen vs: as we
Vpon the giddy footing of t
Me thought that *Glocester* ſt
Strooke me (that though
Into the tumbling billowes o
Lord, Lord, me thought w
What dreadfull noyſe of wat
What a ſight of death withi
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand
Ten thouſand men that fiſhe
Wedges of Gold, great An
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnualued
Some lay in dead mens Sculs
Where eyes did once inhabi
As if it t'were in ſcorne of ey
Which wade the ſlimy botto
And mokt the dead bones th
Brok. Had you ſuch leaſu
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of th
Cla. Me thought I had :
Kept in my ſoule, and wou
To keepe the empty, vaſt, a

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37